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63
JUL

DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN



Capullo

McFARLANE

Todd McFarlane &
Image Comics presents...

IDENTITY

Dedicated to
Steve "Spaz" Williams



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Spawn N°62 Summary

Spawn confronts Jason Wynn only to have his revengeful anger stymied once again. Wynn informs him that if he dies, Terry, Wanda and Cyan will be eliminated. Knowing that he doesn't bluff, Spawn turns it into a Catch 22 situation. Later, in the alley, chaos erupts when Angela and Spawn are thrown together to discuss the unraveling of the universe. As Spawn rests from the ordeal, an unknown force heals Al's face to the one Wanda fell in love with. Meanwhile, a friend informs Terry of a neighborhood petition to force them out of the area.



TODD MCFARLANE
PRODUCTIONS

www.spawn.com

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SINCE THE DAY HE FIRST APPEARED IN THE MIDST OF MANHATTAN'S FILTH AND SQUALOR, SPAWN'S STATURE AMONG THE HOMELESS HAS GROWN. FOR THE MOST PART, HE'S ACCEPTED AS THEIR KING.

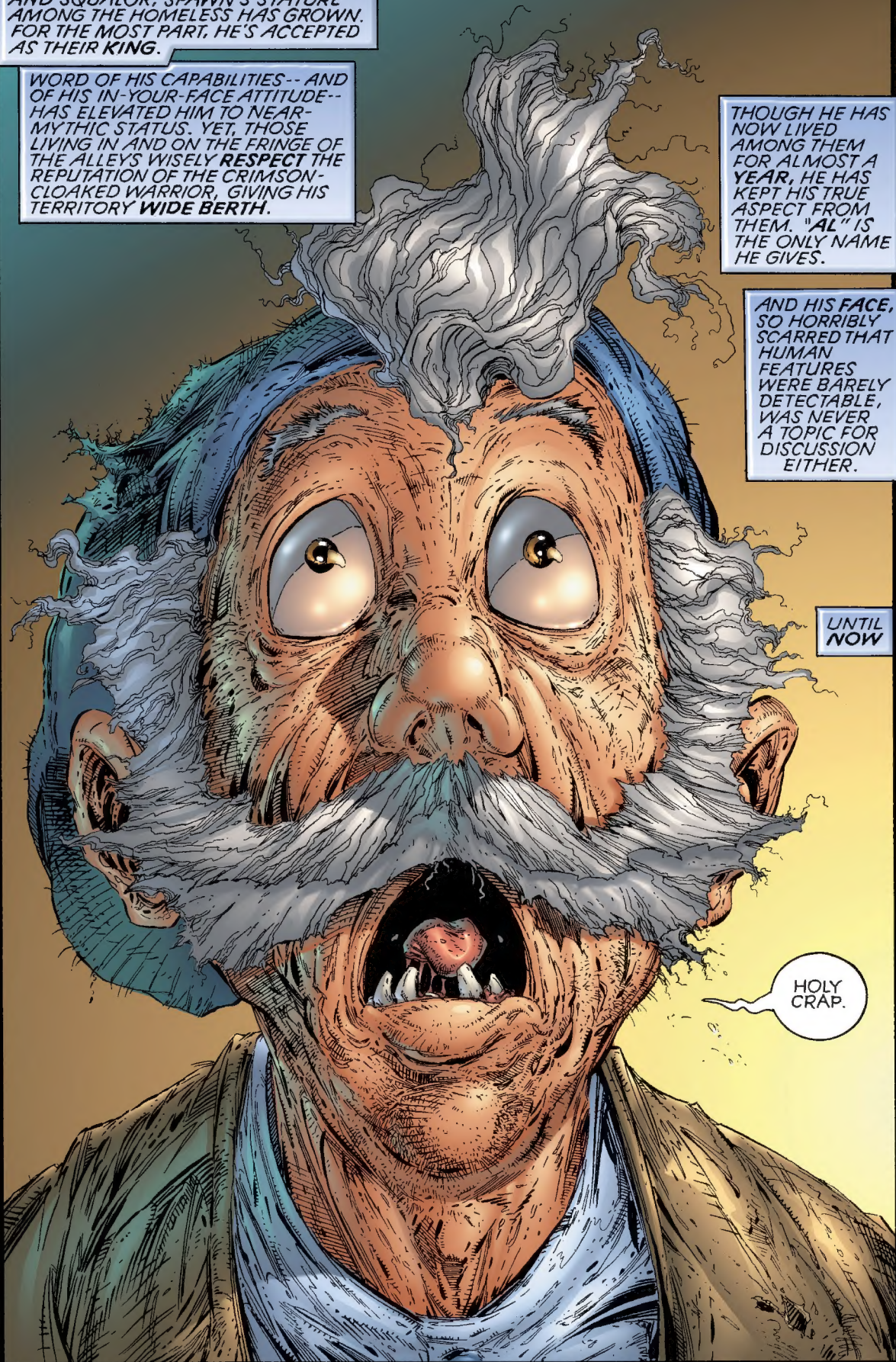
WORD OF HIS CAPABILITIES-- AND OF HIS IN-YOUR-FACE ATTITUDE-- HAS ELEVATED HIM TO NEAR-MYTHIC STATUS. YET, THOSE LIVING IN AND ON THE FRINGE OF THE ALLEYS WISELY RESPECT THE REPUTATION OF THE CRIMSON-CLOAKED WARRIOR, GIVING HIS TERRITORY **WIDE BERTH**.

THOUGH HE HAS NOW LIVED AMONG THEM FOR ALMOST A YEAR, HE HAS KEPT HIS TRUE ASPECT FROM THEM. "**AL**" IS THE ONLY NAME HE GIVES.

AND HIS FACE, SO HORRIBLY SCARRED THAT HUMAN FEATURES WERE BARELY DETECTABLE, WAS NEVER A TOPIC FOR DISCUSSION EITHER.

UNTIL NOW

HOLY CRAP.





A-AL--!

JEEZ,
MAN!
LOOKIT
YOU! IS THAT
WHAT YOU
REALLY
LOOK
LIKE?



GET OUT
OF HERE.
LEAVE ME
ALONE.



MY
GOD!

HE'S RIGHT.
GODDAMMIT,
MY FACE...
IT'S BACK!

ALL THE SCABS
HAVE BEEN
COVERED WITH
FLESH. MY
FLESH. I'M A
MAN AGAIN.



GOT TO THINK THIS THROUGH. WHAT COULD THIS MEAN? IS IT PERMANENT, TEMPORARY, WHAT?

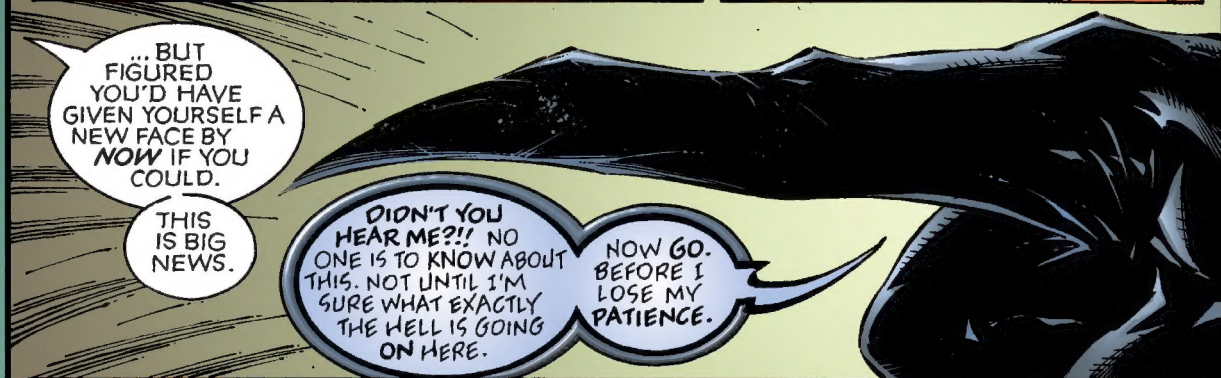
THE BOYS ARE GONNA HAVE A HEART ATTACK WHEN THEY HEAR THIS.



NO.

YOU'LL SAY NOTHING TO THEM. NOT UNTIL...

AW, C'MON, AL. EVERYONE'D BE SO EXCITED. I MEAN, WE KNOW YOU CAN DO MAGIC AND STUFF...



... BUT FIGURED YOU'D HAVE GIVEN YOURSELF A NEW FACE BY **NOW** IF YOU COULD.

THIS IS BIG NEWS.

DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME?! NO ONE IS TO KNOW ABOUT THIS. NOT UNTIL I'M SURE WHAT EXACTLY THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE.

NOW GO. BEFORE I LOSE MY PATIENCE.



I NEED TIME TO THINK.

YEAH. GOTCHA. RIGHT. PERFECT. WHATEVER YOU WANT.

WHAT A TIGHTASS.

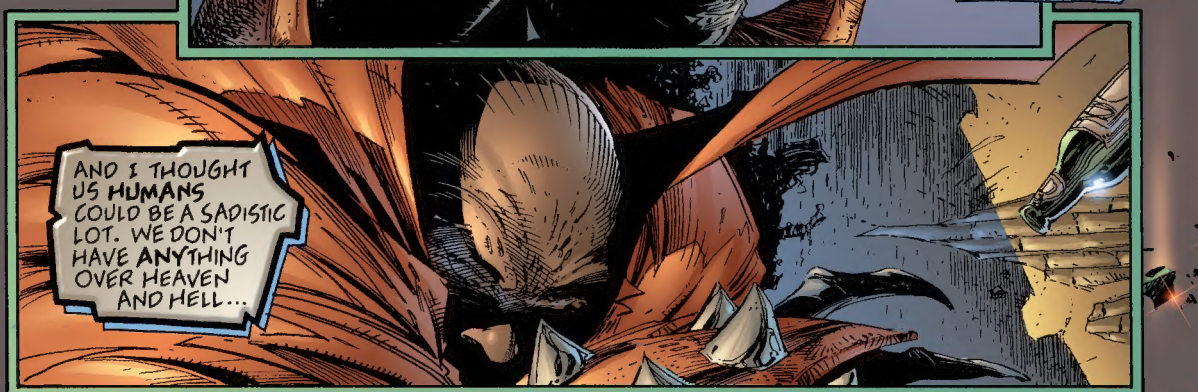


NEED TO
CHECK
SOMETHING.

MY EYES...
THEY'RE STILL
BLANK.

I KNEW THIS WAS TOO
GOOD TO BE TRUE. THEY
LET ME HAVE MY FACE, BUT
IT'S NOT REAL. JUST MY
NECROPLASM TAKING ON
MY FORMER FEATURES.

AND WHY? SO I CAN
GO THROUGH
ANOTHER OF THEIR
TORTURES...?

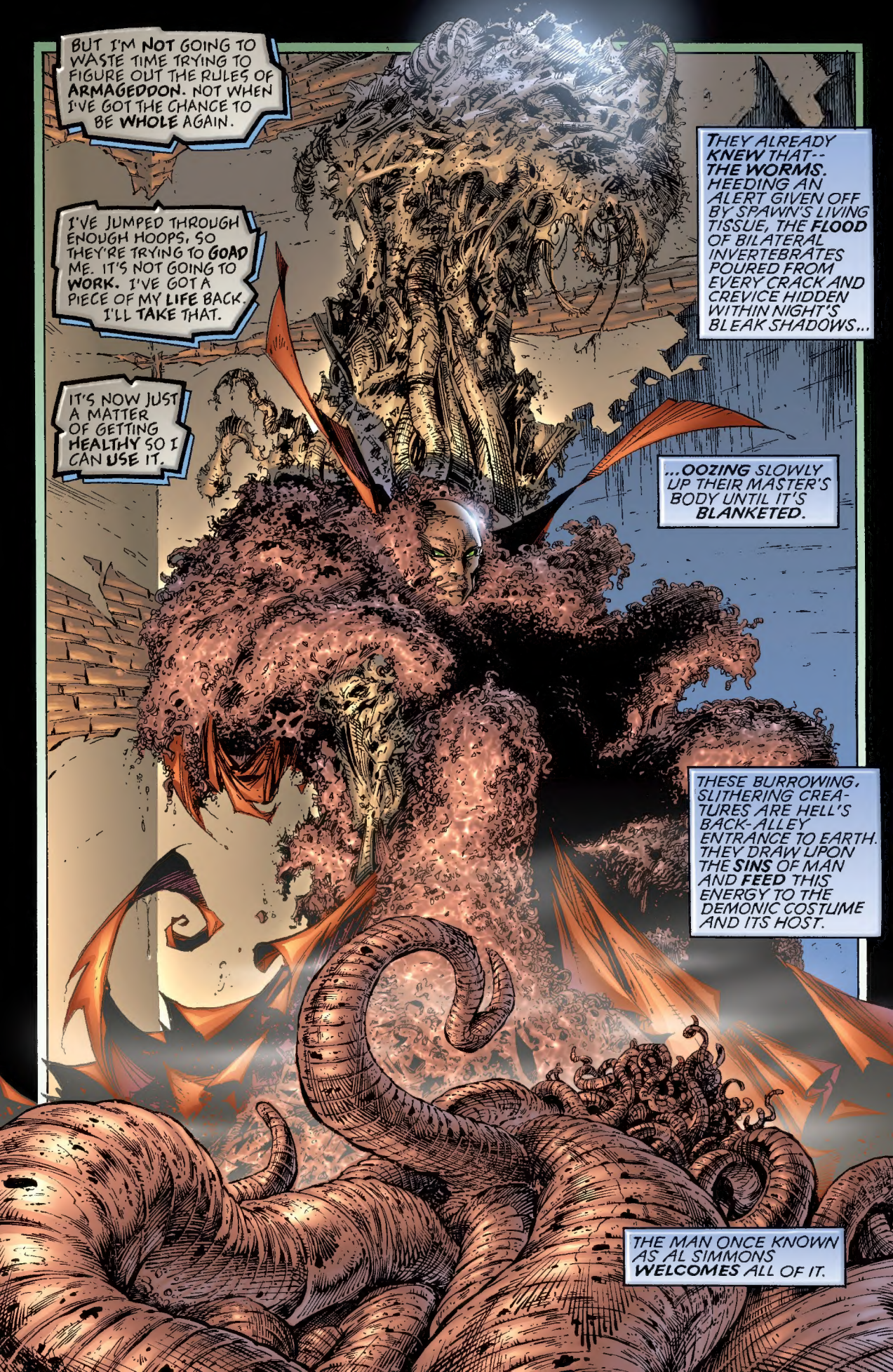


AND I THOUGHT
US HUMANS
COULD BE A SADISTIC
LOT. WE DON'T
HAVE ANYTHING
OVER HEAVEN
AND HELL...

...BECAUSE IT
WASN'T AN
ACCIDENT THAT
ANGELA AND I
WERE BOTH
NAILED BY
THAT BOLT.*

SOMEONE'S
TRYING
TO SEND A
MESSAGE.

PROBLEM IS,
EXCEPT THAT IT
MADE ME FEEL A
BIT NAUSEOUS, I
WOULDN'T EVEN
HAVE KNOWN.



BUT I'M NOT GOING TO WASTE TIME TRYING TO FIGURE OUT THE RULES OF ARMAGEDDON. NOT WHEN I'VE GOT THE CHANCE TO BE WHOLE AGAIN.

I'VE JUMPED THROUGH ENOUGH HOOPS, SO THEY'RE TRYING TO GOAD ME. IT'S NOT GOING TO WORK. I'VE GOT A PIECE OF MY LIFE BACK. I'LL TAKE THAT.


IT'S NOW JUST A MATTER OF GETTING HEALTHY SO I CAN USE IT.

THEY ALREADY KNEW THAT-- THE WORMS. HEEDING AN ALERT GIVEN OFF BY SPAWN'S LIVING TISSUE, THE FLOOD OF BILATERAL INVERTEBRATES POURED FROM EVERY CRACK AND CREVICE HIDDEN WITHIN NIGHT'S BLEAK SHADOWS...

...OOZING SLOWLY UP THEIR MASTER'S BODY UNTIL IT'S BLANKETED.

THESE BURROWING, SLITHERING CREATURES ARE HELL'S BACK-ALLEY ENTRANCE TO EARTH. THEY DRAW UPON THE SINS OF MAN AND FEED THIS ENERGY TO THE DEMONIC COSTUME AND ITS HOST.

THE MAN ONCE KNOWN AS AL SIMMONS WELCOMES ALL OF IT.



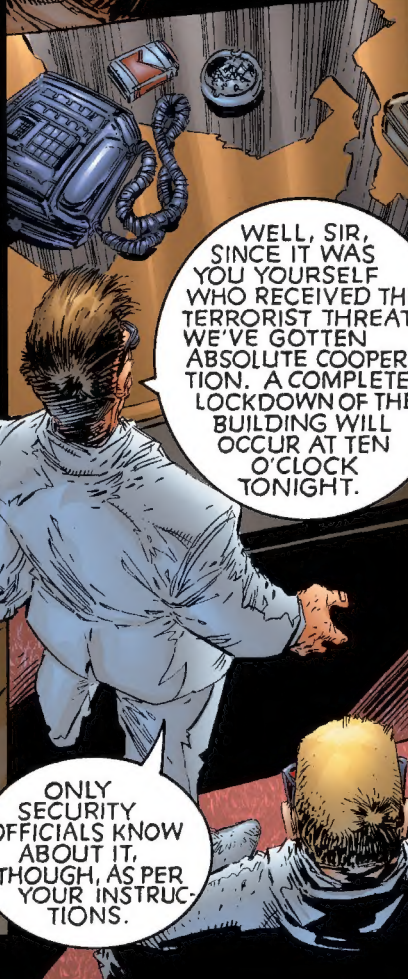
I'VE ALREADY CONTACTED THE PROPER PEOPLE AT DELTA BASE. THEY'LL BE REINFORCING THE PRIMARY AIR STRIKE TEAM.

WHAT DO YOU HAVE?



GOOD. WE DON'T WANT TO OVER-EXCITE TOO MANY OF THE SECOND-SHIFT DESK JOCKEYS.

PRECISELY. COMMANDER HULL WILL FILL YOU IN ON THE REST.



WELL, SIR, SINCE IT WAS YOU YOURSELF WHO RECEIVED THE TERRORIST THREAT, WE'VE GOTTEN ABSOLUTE COOPERATION. A COMPLETE LOCKDOWN OF THE BUILDING WILL OCCUR AT TEN O'CLOCK TONIGHT.

ONLY SECURITY OFFICIALS KNOW ABOUT IT, THOUGH, AS PER YOUR INSTRUCTIONS.



SIR. I'VE DOUBLED THE STRENGTH OF THE INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR PERIMETER WATCHES.

POLICE, F.B.I., AND S.W.A.T. ARE ALL POSITIONED TO DEPLOY AS NEEDED.

AND
SURVEILLANCE
EQUIPMENT?

ADDITIONAL
UNITS ARE IN
PLACE, Mr. WYNN.
THIS TERRORIST, WHO-
EVER IT IS, CAN'T BE
STUPID ENOUGH TO
THINK HE'S ACTUALLY
GOING TO PENETRATE
THIS BUILDING.

INSANITY
IS HELPFUL
IN GUERRILLA
WARFARE,
COMMANDER.

I'M SURE IT'S
JUST ANOTHER IDLE
THREAT FROM SOME MILITIA
GROUP LOOKING FOR MEDIA
ATTENTION, BUT WE MUST
BE DILIGENT.

EFFECTIVE ACTION
ON OUR PART WILL DEPRIVE
OUR ASSAILANT OF A
PROPOGANDA VOICE. MY
SECURITY BRANCH, WITH
YOUR HELP, WILL INSTANTLY
PUT AN END TO THIS
THREAT.

THE REALITY OF THE
MATTER IS THAT
JASON WYNN HAS
BEEN THREATENED
BY SPAWN.
NOT SOME
IDEOLOGICAL
EXTREMIST.

YES,
SIR.

IF SPAWN DOESN'T
ACTUALLY SHOW,
WYNN'S CREDIBILITY
WILL BE DAMAGED.
THE WAY OUT WAS
TO SPEAK IN
GENERALITIES AND
CHARGED PHRASES.
THE SCENARIO WAS
ROUTINE ENOUGH
OTHERWISE, HIS
SUBORDINATES
DID NOT QUESTION
HIS WORD...

... WHILE WYNN COULD
ONLY CHAIN-SMOKE TO
SOOTHE HIS GROWING
UNEASE.

YOU'LL HAVE
OVER THREE HUNDRED
SPECIALISTS ON HAND AT
ANY GIVEN MOMENT, WITH
ENOUGH FIREPOWER
TO LEVEL
BROOKLYN.

THE ONLY
REASON HE'LL
SHOW IS IF HE
HAS A DEATH
WISH.

UNFORTUNATELY,
THEY ALL DO,
COMMANDER.

**DAWN.
A TIME OF
REBIRTH.**

**WHEN LIGHT
AGAIN GRACES
THE CONSECRATED
DOMAIN
OF EARTH.**

**COMMANDING
THOSE THAT
OBEY THE DARK-
NESS TO HIDE
ONCE MORE.**



**LEAVING THOSE
CAPABLE OF AT
LEAST THE
POTENTIAL FOR
GOOD TO CARRY
ON THE DAY'S
WORK.**

**WITH THE LIGHT
COMES STRENGTH,
SO THAT THOSE
WHO NOW HOLD
SWAY CAN EM-
BRACE THE DAY
WITH VIGOR.
EVEN THOSE
BORN TO HELL.**

**HE NOW
RISES, THE
METAMORPHOSIS
COMPLETE.**

**THE HELL
CREATURE
HAS FED.**

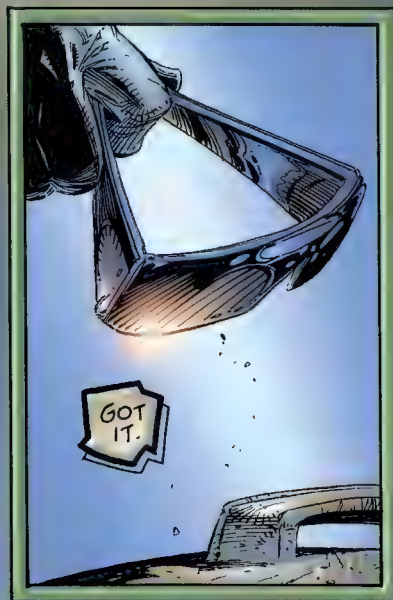


NOW, MIND CAN
RESUME ITS
INFLUENCE
OVER BODY.

AT THE SAME TIME,
IT TELEGRAPHS
A NEED--

--WHICH CAN
ONLY BE MET
THROUGH A
RADICAL
ALTERATION
OF EXTERIOR
IMAGE.

NOT BAD.
NOW,
THERE'S
JUST ONE
MORE
THING...



A FEW
BLOCKS
LATER...



Yo! DUDE.
LOOKIN'
FOR SOMETHING
SPECIAL? WE GOT
ALL KINDS.

BLONDES.
BRUNETTES.
REDHEADS.



... A BIG
STRAPPING LAD
LIKE YOU MIGHT
NEED **TWO**. ONLY
\$30 A POKE.
WHATCHA SAY,
unnh?

WHAT'S THE
MATTER, CAN'T
TALK? THAT'S OKAY,
THE GIRLS LIKE THE
SILENT TYPE. THINK
IT OVER FOR A
MINUTE.

POKE

YEAH...

I'M
NOT IN THE
MOOD.
WHAT ABOUT
YOU?!



I...

I...

I...

I...

DIDN'T
THINK
SO.

ACROSS TOWN IN THE LOW RENT DISTRICT RESTS THE OFFICE OF PRIVATE DETECTIVES SAM BURKE AND TWITCH WILLIAMS.

YOU KNOW, SIR, AS I STUDY THIS GROUP OF OUR EARLY FILES, I CAN'T HELP BUT THINK THEY'RE ALL SOMEHOW RELATED.

CHOMP
CHOMP

WHAT'CHA TALKING ABOUT? YOU THINK THIS SPAWN GUY HAS CONNECTIONS TO SOME HEAVYWEIGHT POLITICIANS?

Byrr
'SCUSE ME.

NOT EXACTLY.

SENATOR JENNINGS. CHIEF BANKS. SPAWN. KINCAID. EVEN THE ATTACK ON THAT U.S. SECURITY AGENCY HEADQUARTERS BUILDING. ALL THIS ACTIVITY KEEPS POINTING TO SOMEONE VERY HIGH UP. TAKE A LOOK.

AND YOU THINK HE'S OUR PUPPET MASTER?

BUT THE STRING OF EVENTS THAT LED ULTIMATELY TO OUR LEAVING THE FORCE KEEPS TWISTING BACK ON ITSELF.

LISTEN, HERE'S WHAT STILL GIVES ME A BLEEDING ULCER. WHY THE HELL WERE WE THE POOR SAPS THAT GOT STUCK WITH KINCAID'S DEAD BODY? *

HAVEN'T FIGURED THAT OUT, SIR.

SO FAR THE ONLY CORRELATION IS OUR PRESENCE AT HIS PAROLE HEARING. STILL, IT DOESN'T APPEAR THAT SPAWN IS IN BED WITH ANY OF THEM.

LOOK, ALL I KNOW IS, HE GOT US SUSPENDED AND I WANT MY PAYBACK. I DON'T LIKE WHEN THINGS GET MESSY.

Um...
I ASSUME YOU MEAN THAT FIGURATIVELY.

Ring

YEAH
YEAH. I'LL GET TO THE GARBAGE LATER. YOU SURE IT'S NOT YOUR TURN?

HELLO?

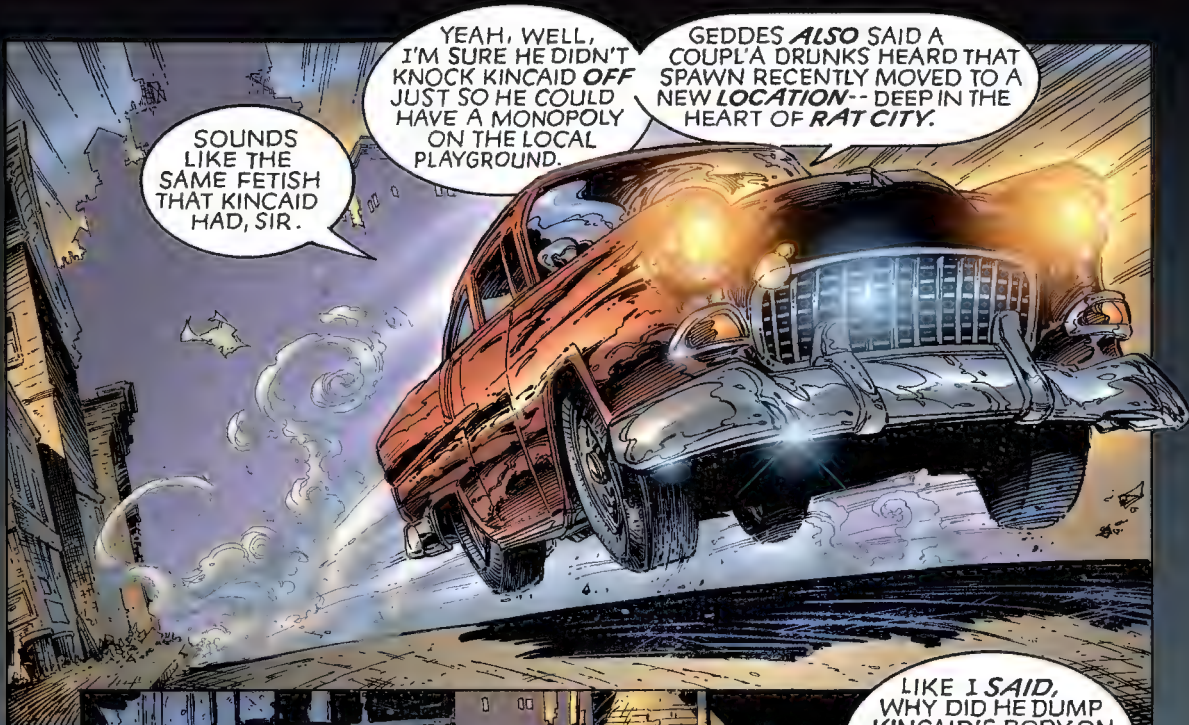
WHEN? AND YOUR PEOPLE HAVEN'T MOVED ON IT? PERFECT! THANKS, SCOTT. 'BYE.

KLIK

WELL, SPEAK OF THE DEVIL. GRAB YOUR COAT, TWITCH.

YOU REMEMBER GEDDES, OVER IN ACCOUNTING? HE SAID THE PRECINCT'S BEEN CRAWLING WITH S.W.A.T. LATELY, ALL HOT ON THE TRAIL OF OUR COSTUMED FRIEND.

SEEMS OUR VIGILANTE'S INTO KIDNAPPING LITTLE GIRLS.



SOUNDS LIKE THE SAME FETISH THAT KINCAID HAD, SIR.

YEAH, WELL, I'M SURE HE DIDN'T KNOCK KINCAID OFF JUST SO HE COULD HAVE A MONOPOLY ON THE LOCAL PLAYGROUND.

GEDDES *ALSO* SAID A COUPL'A DRUNKS HEARD THAT SPAWN RECENTLY MOVED TO A NEW *LOCATION*-- DEEP IN THE HEART OF *RAT CITY*.



SO WHAT ARE WE TRYING TO ACCOMPLISH?

LIKE I SAID, WHY DID HE DUMP KINCAID'S BODY ON *OUR* DESK, CUSTOMIZED AN' ALL WITH SHAPENED POP-SICLE STICKS?



HAVE YOU EVER CONSIDERED THE POSSIBILITY THAT THERE MAY NOT *BE* ANY LOGIC TO HIS ACTIONS. WE MIGHT'VE JUST BEEN RANDOM TARGETS.

I *DOUBT* IT. GUYS LIKE HIM DO THINGS IN A PRECISE WAY. COSTUMED FREAKS ALWAYS PERCEIVE THEMSELVES AS BEING BETTER. SMARTER. OR WHATEVER THEY NEED TO JUSTIFY THEIR ACTIONS.

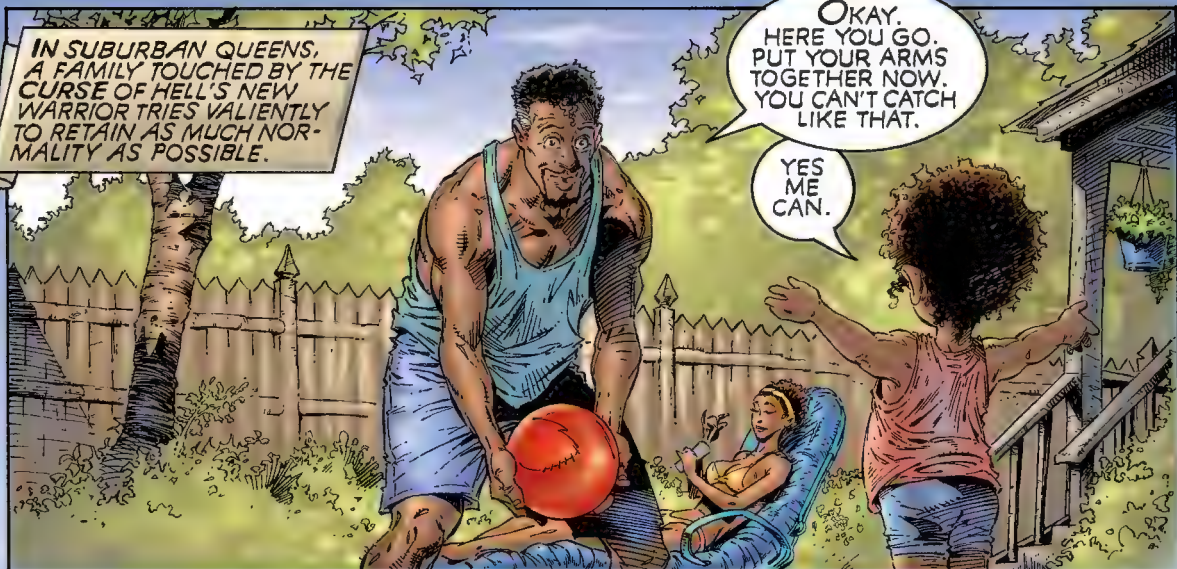


JUST LIKE *SUTURE** IT GIVES THEM A SENSE OF *POWER*, I GUESS. EITHER WAY, I INTEND ON GETTING A FEW *ANSWERS* BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.

IN SUBURBAN QUEENS, A FAMILY TOUCHED BY THE CURSE OF HELL'S NEW WARRIOR TRIES VALIENTLY TO RETAIN AS MUCH NORMALITY AS POSSIBLE.

OKAY. HERE YOU GO. PUT YOUR ARMS TOGETHER NOW. YOU CAN'T CATCH LIKE THAT.

YES ME CAN.



TERRY, I'M GOING TO GET MORE ICE TEA. CAN I BRING YOU ANY?

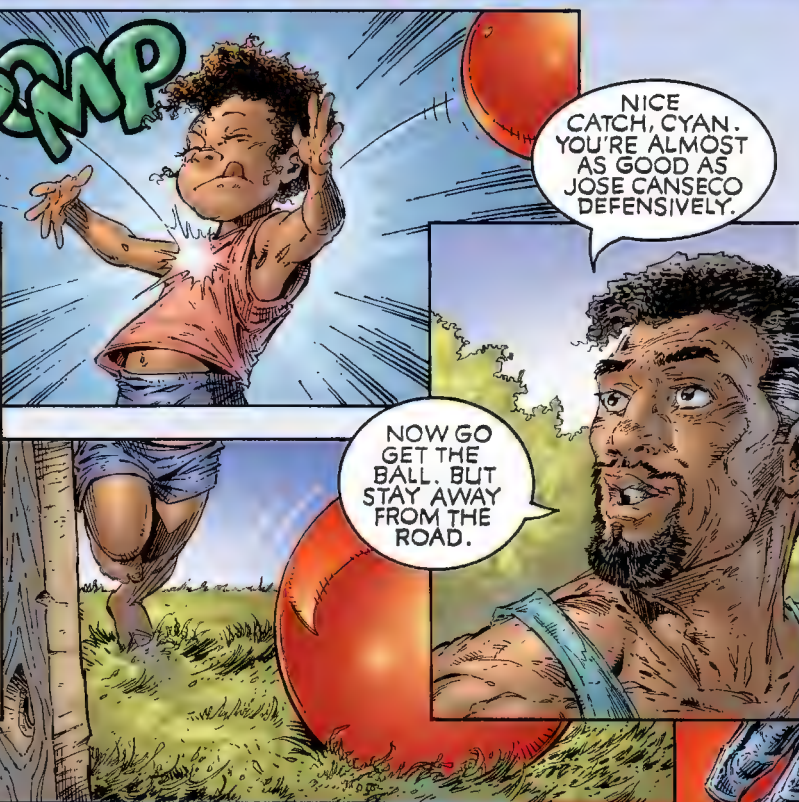
BUMP

NICE CATCH, CYAN. YOU'RE ALMOST AS GOOD AS JOSE CANSECO DEFENSIVELY.



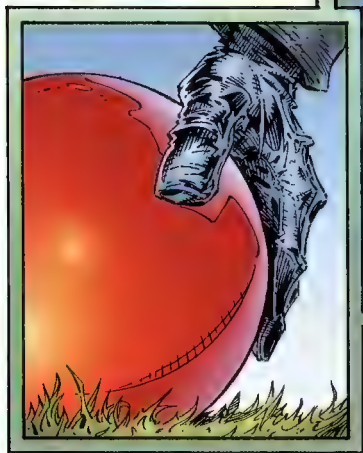
"NO THANKS."

NOW GO GET THE BALL. BUT STAY AWAY FROM THE ROAD.



HERE YOU GO, CYAN.

TANKS!





IT'S TIME
WE HAD A LITTLE
FACE TO FACE,
TERRY.

EXCUSE
ME? DO I
KNOW...

SWEET
JESUS.

AL...?!

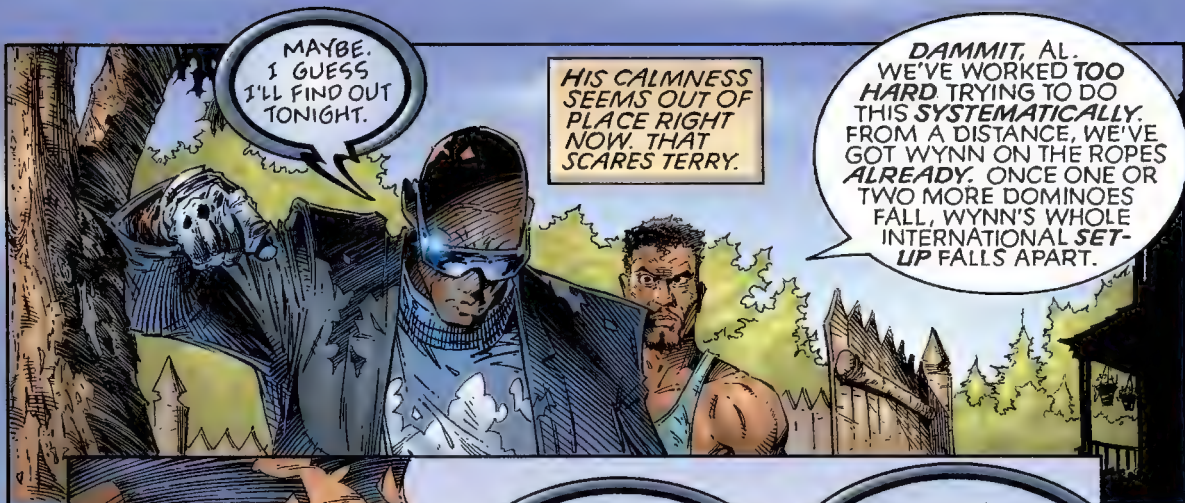
WHAT'S
GOING ON?
I THOUGHT
YOU COULDN'T
REGENERATE YOUR
FLESH... THAT YOUR
SCARS WERE
PERMANENT.

SO DID I.
BUT EVERY
TIME I THINK
I'VE GOT A
HANDLE ON MY
POWERS, SOME-
THING NEW
HAPPENS.

I DIDN'T
DO THIS. IT JUST
HAPPENED ON ITS OWN
LAST NIGHT.* I CAME
HERE TO LET YOU SEE FOR
YOURSELF... AND TO LET
YOU KNOW HOW
THINGS ARE GOING
TO GO DOWN.

I'M HAVING
A MEETING OF THE
MINDS WITH WYNN
TONIGHT. AND EITHER
HE BACKS AWAY FROM
YOU AND WANDA
OR I BURN HIS
BUILDING TO
THE GROUND.

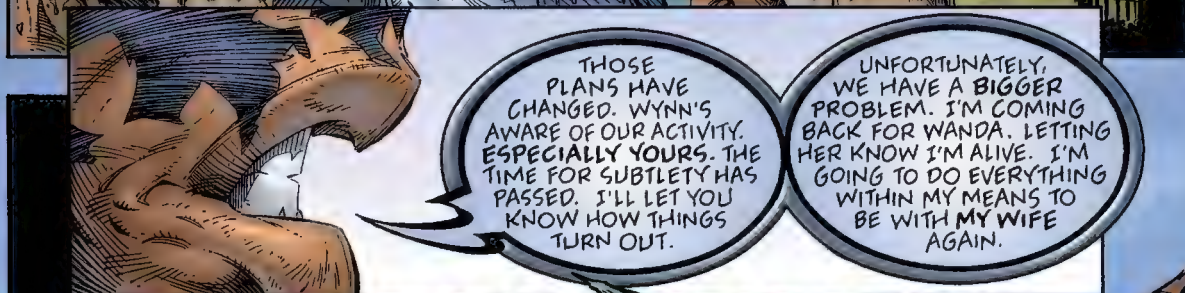
ARE YOU
CRAZY?



MAYBE.
I GUESS
I'LL FIND OUT
TONIGHT.

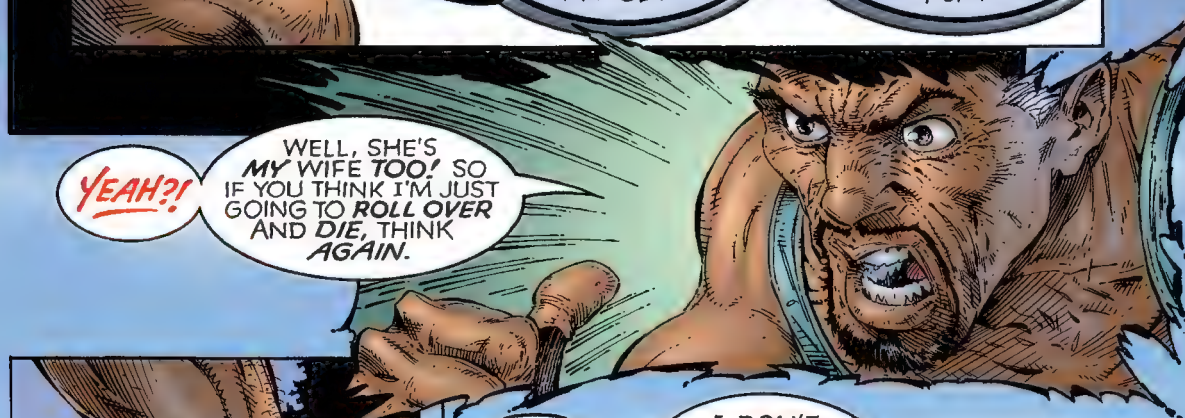
HIS CALMNESS
SEEMS OUT OF
PLACE RIGHT
NOW. THAT
SCARES TERRY.

DAMMIT, AL.
WE'VE WORKED TOO
HARD TRYING TO DO
THIS SYSTEMATICALLY.
FROM A DISTANCE, WE'VE
GOT WYNN ON THE ROPES
ALREADY. ONCE ONE OR
TWO MORE DOMINOES
FALL, WYNN'S WHOLE
INTERNATIONAL SET-
UP FALLS APART.



THOSE
PLANS HAVE
CHANGED. WYNN'S
AWARE OF OUR ACTIVITY.
ESPECIALLY YOURS. THE
TIME FOR SUBTLETY HAS
PASSED. I'LL LET YOU
KNOW HOW THINGS
TURN OUT.

UNFORTUNATELY,
WE HAVE A BIGGER
PROBLEM. I'M COMING
BACK FOR WANDA. LETTING
HER KNOW I'M ALIVE. I'M
GOING TO DO EVERYTHING
WITHIN MY MEANS TO
BE WITH MY WIFE
AGAIN.



YEAH?!

WELL, SHE'S
MY WIFE TOO! SO
IF YOU THINK I'M JUST
GOING TO ROLL OVER
AND DIE, THINK
AGAIN.



THEN
WE'VE JUST
BECOME
ENEMIES,
I GUESS.



TERRY?
WHO WAS
THAT YOU
WERE
TALKING
TO?

I DON'T
KNOW. JUST
SOMEONE I
THOUGHT I ONCE
KNEW.

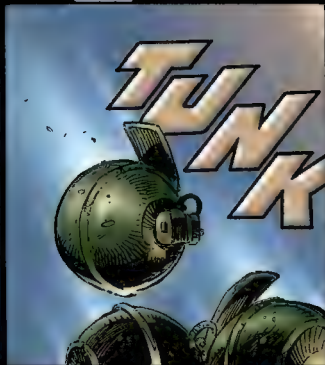
MY
MISTAKE.

GOOD
WATER.

ELSEWHERE...

SINCE
WE'RE UP
ON THE WEEK-
END, THE
NUMBER OF
EVACUEES
WILL BE
LIMITED.

YOUR UNITS
HAVE BEEN COMPLETELY
BRIEFED, THEN? GOOD.
THEN IT APPEARS THERE'S
NOTHING LEFT TO DO
BUT *WAIT*.



SO THIS IS
WHERE IT'S ALL
LED? YOU EXACT-
ING YOUR POUND
OF FLESH. GETTING
RETRIBUTION.

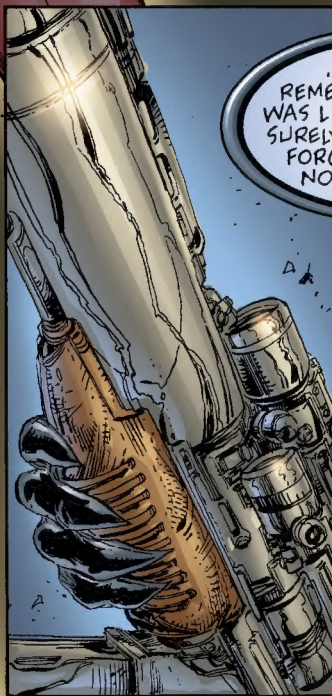
VERY
IMPRESSIVE.
MALEBOLGIA
SHOULD BE
QUITE *PLEASED*
YOU'VE ACCEPTED
HIS PLANS FOR
YOU.



LOOK,
COG, IF YOU'VE
GOT SOMETHING
ON YOUR MIND,
SPIT IT OUT. BUT
CAN THE *SARCASM*.
I'M NOT IN THE
MOOD.



AND
BEFORE
YOU START
IN ON ONE
OF YOUR
SERMONS...



...TRY AND
REMEMBER WHAT IT
WAS LIKE TO BE A MAN.
SURELY YOU HAVEN'T
FORGOTTEN THAT,
NOW HAVE YOU?

OR DID
YOU TELL ME
THAT YOU WERE
ONCE A SPAWN
JUST TO
IMPRESS
ME?*



BETTER
YET, WHY
DON'T YOU HELP
ME? IF YOU ARE WHAT
YOU SAY THEN FIGHT
WITH ME. AND IF I GET
WHAT I WANT OUT OF
WYNN, THEN I'LL JOIN
IN WHATEVER GRUDGE
MATCH YOU HAVE
WITH HELL.


OTHER-
WISE, I
COULDN'T
GIVE A
CRAP
WHAT THEY
EXPECT
FROM
ME.



I CAN'T.

I FIGURED AS MUCH.

YOU SEE, UNLIKE YOU, I DON'T HAVE THE LUXURY OF TIME.



BUT WHEN I *DID* HAVE A CHOICE, I WEIGHED THE *CONSEQUENCES* OF MY ACTIONS. PEOPLE OUTSIDE OUR CONTROL ARE CONTINUALLY GETTING CAUGHT IN OUR CROSSFIRE. THEY PAY A PRICE WE NEVER SEE.

YOUR *IDENTITY* HAS BEEN GIVEN BACK...



...JUST DON'T BE SO SURE IT WILL LAST FOREVER.

I'M NOT. THAT'S WHY I NEED TO STOP WYNN. SO I CAN CONCENTRATE ON WHAT'S IMPORTANT.



THEN MAKE *THAT* THE PRIORITY INSTEAD OF YOUR VENGEANCE.

DON'T YOU SEE? HELL WANTS YOU TO KEEP KILLING. THEY *NEED* THAT. YOU'RE PLAYING THEIR GAME!

THEN
I'LL PLAY
DIRTY!



TO BE CONTINUED!



Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE